So Warm Is Mine Lord

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So Warm Is Mine Lord

by Bordementions

Summary

Warm up your local Weishou they deserve it

Notes

I LOVE HER I LOVE HER I LOVE HER I LOVE HER YAYYYYYYYY

I HAD TO ROLL ALL 200 ON THE BANNER FOR HER IM SO FUCKING RAGHHHHHH BUT I DONT CARE SHES MY STUPID LOVELY LITTLE RAM HEISHOU SO FLUFFAYYYYY

Gonna be writing a lot of her, this one so small cause I just wanted to get it out

https://discord.gg/XqJzJ6ByTz

The air in the courtyard always felt… colder, a pervasive chill that seemed to seep out of the very wall.

You walked the corridors with a steady, rhythmic gait, your heels clicking against the cold concrete. Most Lords in Daguanyuan would be prowling these halls looking for weakness, eager to tighten the leash and snap a spine or two to ensure loyalty. But you... you operated a little differently. You preferred your beasts happy, or at least, not trembling in terror every time your shadow crossed their path.

It was the night watch, technically. The corridors should have been patrolled by the imposing silhouettes of the Wei Branch, their massive conical hats casting long shadows. And yet, at this particular post, the guard seemed to be missing.

Or rather, she wasn't missing, she had simply become a giant pile of fabric.

Huddled in the corner, wedged between a support pillar and a crate of weaponry, was a massive mound of white wool and dark fabric. It looked like a sheep had exploded and then decided to take a nap in the debris. The only identifying feature was the pair of massive, dark, ridged horns spiraling out from the center of the mass, twitching slightly.

You stopped, tilting your head. A soft, rattling snore emanated from the pile.

"Nngh... nay, fear naught... for this villain... I shall..." a muffled voice grumbled from the depths of the fabric. "Haah… so chilly…"

It was Don Quixote. Of course it was.

You approached quietly, the amusement tugging at the corner of your lips. The Wei Branch bolus seemed to always leave its users perpetually freezing, a cruel side effect of the strength that allowed them to shatter concrete walls with their shoulders. You stepped closer, your shadow falling over the bundle.

"Don Quixote?" you called out softly.

The reaction was instantaneous and violent.

"EEK?!"

The pile of wool exploded upwards. Don Quixote scrambled to her feet, legs tangling in the thick blanket she had stolen from the barracks. She tripped, flailed, and slammed her back against the wall, her massive conical hat knocked askew, as it landed on the floor. Her blonde bob was a mess, and her rectangular pupils were blown wide with sheer panic as they locked onto you.

"M-M-Mine Liege!" she squeaked, her face pale beneath the dark wrappings that covered her jaw. She desperately tried to salute, but her hand got caught in the blanket, resulting in her slapping herself in the chest. "I... T-Thou hast caught me! I was but... merely... resting mine eyes! Inspecting the... the floor for treacherous dust bunnies! Yea, verily!"

She was trembling. Not just from the cold, but from the terrifying realization that her Lord had caught her slacking off. In the Heishou Pack, that usually meant pain.

"Mercy, my Lord!" She dropped to her knees, the heavy wool of her coat pooling around her. "I swear upon my honor as a knight... nay, as a loyal sheep of the Wei! I did not mean to succumb to the siren song of slumber! 'Tis just... the air... it biteth so fiercely tonight..."

She squeezed her eyes shut, bracing for a reprimand, or perhaps even a physical consequence.

Instead, you sighed, a soft cloud of white breath escaping your lips, and you sat down on the crate next to her.

"At ease, Don Quixote," you said gently, your voice devoid of the sharp cruelty she expected. "It is freezing in here. I can feel it myself."

One yellow eye cracked open. The rectangular pupils contracted slightly as she realized she wasn't being struck.

"Thou... art not wroth?" she whispered, stunned.

"I'm not angry," you assured her, patting the space beside you on the crate. "You're shivering. Sit."

Don Quixote stared at you as if you had just spoken a foreign tongue. Slowly, hesitantly, she shuffled forward, dragging her stolen blanket with her. She sat down next to you, her body stiff, radiating a profound, unnatural cold. It was like sitting next to a block of dry ice. The Wei mutation had leeched every ounce of heat from her core.

"I... I offer my deepest gratitudes," she murmured, pulling the blanket tighter around her shoulders. Her teeth chattered loudly. "This body... it is a curse as much as a blessing. The cold... it gnaws at the bone, my Lord. No matter how many layers I don, the frost remains."

You watched her for a moment, seeing the misery etched into her features. Without a word, you reached out and adjusted her hat, setting it straight on her head, brushing a stray lock of blonde hair behind one of those heavy, curled horns. She flinched at the touch, then leaned into it, her eyes fluttering shut.

"Is it always this bad?" you asked.

"Aye," she sighed, a tragic sound. "Especially in the dead of night. 'Tis why... 'tis why I curled up. I thought if I could but trap a meager warmth..." She looked at you, her eyes wide and glistening. "But lo! Thou art warm. Even from here... I can feel the radiance of life from thee."

She shifted, inching a fraction closer. The deference of the Heishou was battling with the biological imperative of hee body. She wanted heat, bad.

"My Lord..." she started, biting her lip. Then, the filter between her brain and her mouth seemed to dissolve. "Prithee, might I be so bold... nay, so brazen... to ask a boon?"

You raised an eyebrow, smiling. "Ask."

"Wouldst thou... perchance... partake of this blanket with me?" She blurted it out, her cheeks flushing a faint pink, contrasting with her pale skin. She looked frantic, eager. "Thou radiate such blessed warmth! And I... I am akin to a corpse in winter! If we were to combine our forces... surely the cold would be vanquished!"

She opened the heavy wool blanket like a pair of wings, looking at you with pure, unadulterated hope.

"Please?" she added, breaking character for just a second. "I am so cold."

You chuckled, the sound echoing in the quiet hall. "Alright, Don. Just for a bit."

"Huzzah!" she cheered quietly.

You scooted closer, and she didn't wait. As soon as you were within range, she dropped the act of the stoic guard entirely.

"Come hither!" she exclaimed.

With a strength that belied her small frame—the terrifying, augmented strength of a Wei battering ram—she reached out and scooped you up. One arm went under your knees, the other around your back, and she hauled you effortlessly into her lap.

"Whoa!" you gasped, instinctually grabbing onto her shoulders.

"Apologies! Mine enthusiasm hath gotten the better of me!" she chirped, though she didn't let go.

She pulled you flush against her chest. Through the thick layers of her Heishou robes and the wool coat, you could feel the solidity of her frame, hard and unyielding, but the surface temperature was shockingly low. She buried her face into the crook of your neck, inhaling sharply.

"Oh... glorious..." she moaned, shuddering as your body heat began to seep into her. "Thou art like a furnace, my Lord. A blessed hearth in the frozen wastes."

She wrapped the blanket around both of you, creating a cocoon of wool. Her large, spiraling horns bumped gently against your head as she nuzzled closer, her grip tight, bordering on crushing. The "Leash" in her mind must have been singing with joy—close to her Lord, serving her Lord, and getting exactly what she physically craved.

"Is this acceptable?" she mumbled against your collarbone, her breath cold against your skin. "I shall not crush thee, I swear it on mine name... but prithee, do not move away. Stay but a while. 'Tis the first time I have felt my fingers in hours."

You relaxed into her hold, resting your head against the soft wool of her collar. "I'm not going anywhere, Don. Soak it up."

She let out a long, trembling sigh of contentment, her pupils blown wide, staring at nothing, purely focused on the sensation of your warmth.

"My Lord is benevolent indeed," she whispered, her voice thick with sleep and comfort. "Verily... the best Lord in all the City."

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